

# WINDHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

Volume I.

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## Windham County Democrat:

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## DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION.

The democratic citizens of Cambridge Port and vicinity met and celebrated the anniversary of American independence in a manner that reflected honor on the democracy of the country. The spirit of '76 was truly exemplified.

The ever memorable 4th was ushered in by the firing of artillery, which with the grandeur of the morning, contributed in raising that patriotic recollection with which the day is ever associated. The following is the arrangement of the day:

L. ALEXANDER, President.  
M. DAVIS, Vice Presidents.  
J. B. SWELL,  
E. WEAVER,  
H. WHEELER,  
R. BRINTNELL,  
Rev. H. HARRIS, Chaplain.  
J. HOWARD, Orator.  
A. STIMPSON, Reader of the Dec. of Indepen.  
J. BALDWIN, Toast Master.  
Capt. F. DYKE, Marshals.  
GEO. BAILEY.

At half past ten the procession commenced its march to the union meeting-house, escorted by a band of music from Acworth, N. H. The music and regularity with which the procession was conducted, reflected much honor upon the marshals of the day. After listening to an appropriate and highly patriotic oration, and several pieces of music which were sung with spirit, and with the understanding also, the procession then moved to the stone factory, which was very politely offered them by Mr. Wilson, a whig, after the public house had been denied them by Mr. Harris, a whig of a deeper die. Here a splendid and sumptuous entertainment was served up by Mr. Minard. The cloth being removed, the following regular toasts were offered.

1. *The day we celebrate*, which proclaimed a nation free: ever sacred to liberty, and never to be forgotten but with the total extinguishment of the last spark of virtue, and the last lingering ray of rational liberty.
2. *The patriots of the Revolution*; A grateful country will do justice to their memory.
3. *The President of the U. S. A.*, like the sun in its meridian splendor; though the mists of faction may attempt to obscure his brightness, yet when the steady breeze of public opinion shall have dissipated those thick fogs of delusion, he shall shine forth with increased lustre and glory.
4. *The Vice President*. Wise, liberal, and magnanimous in council; cool, determined and invincible in the field, the second office in the gift of a free people, too poor a meed for his important services.
5. *Andrew Jackson*. The hero, the patriot, the statesman, and the sage; his virtues shall be revered to the latest ages of posterity, and in every clime where patriotism is esteemed and liberty finds an advocate.
6. *Thomas H. Benton*. The fearless claimant of the people's rights and a constitutional currency; may millions yet unborn rise up and call him blessed.
7. *Wm. C. Rives*. The magnanimous patriot, the profound statesman, and the accomplished gentleman, his obedience to the people's will, has procured for his name lasting respect and glory, and set an example to his contemporaries and posterity which shall never be forgotten.
8. *May the principles of democracy*, that were commenced by Jefferson, and so gloriously advocated by Jackson, be fully confirmed, during the administration of Martin Van Buren.—Rev. H. Harris.
9. *The Congress of the U. S. A.* To Benton, Rives, Niles, and their associates, we look to protect our ship of state from the serpent tongue of slander and corruption which may be raised against them; the people have decided in their favor and will again.
10. *The present distress*, said by some to be caused by the specie circular, and by the removal of the deposits by President Jackson. We democrats know it is caused by a combination of the great Bank aristocracy to change the administration and entail on the people a *Rag currency*.
11. *The American principle, equal rights and equal privileges*, based upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, it shall live when the monuments of Whigery, and Bank eruption, shall have crumbled into dust.
12. *Bank Democrats*, baser than Judas, they would sell our liberties, not for silver, nor for gold, but for bank rags.
13. *The Orator of the day*. May he be in the democratical circle, what a John Howard has been in the benevolent circle.

The following volunteer toasts were offered:—  
Jed Davis.—*Our present administration*.—May she glide along gently, and soar aloft on the eagle wings, while Tories, federalists, nationalists and whigs, are flying about like a cat in a strange garret.

Jehial H. Stearns.—*Andrew Jackson*. Loved by his friends, respected by his enemies; the favorite of his country, and the admiration of the world.

Doct. H. Dow.—*The Rag currency*. May it soon be transformed into something, on which may be recorded the death warrant of modern whigery.

A Stimpson.—*Andrew Jackson*. Through the mighty energies of his mind he has shaken the thrones of tyrants, and spread dismay through whig (tory) ranks.

M. R. Clapp.—*The democracy of Vermont*. A few cold seasons may have nipped its leaves, but its fruit buds are safe, and will produce an abundant harvest.

John Whitecomb.—*Martin Van Buren, President of the U. S.* May he ever keep in mind the welfare of the family over which he presides, and ever exercising the spirit of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, and cause the people all to say, well done thou good and faithful servant.

John Baldwin.—*The town of Rockingham*. Seventeen justices, all the town authority, high sheriff, State's attorney, one senator, and town representative, all whigs, and the crop of one year's product of the *Bellows Falls Bank*.

H. Tilden.—*Independence, dearly bought, long sustained*. May she ever continue to be cherished as a choice gift of Heaven.

Amos Gurnsey.—*The declaration of Independence*, the Constitution of the United States, and Jackson's administration, are the three brightest luminaries in the political world.

[The above toast was rejected at the union celebration at Saxon's River Village.]

Lemuel Ball.—*The Democracy of Cambridge Port*. May it serve the nation both as the morning and evening star till time shall be no more.

Jesse Bishop.—*The hardy, intelligent yeomanry*. Our defence in war, our support in peace, the first to repel invaders, and the last to infringe on the rights of others.

E. Albee.—*Agricultural and Mechanical laborers*. The only healthy aliment of the body politic; may those who presume to despise it be brought to feel its necessity.

F. A. Dyke.—*The hickory leaf*. May it extend high as the heavens, broad as the sea, and may our motto of independence be inscribed upon it in golden capitals, and Andrew Jackson hang it upon some fixed star, that the world may read it there.

Amos Gurnsey.—*Give us no broad construction to our glorious constitution*; give us no legislation on religion; give us less spiritual and more temporal food; give us less speculation and more labor; give us less rag currency and more silver and gold; give us less favored few and more equal rights. So thinks Amos Gurnsey.

Nathan Woolley.—*The President, Martin Van Buren, in the chair*. May his name exceed the former. May his administration be glorious and to the banks a terror.

G. S. Willard.—*The granite walls which surround us*. May they never be filled with war materials than they now encircle.

M. Davis.—*Toryism, Federalism, Hartford Conventionists, National Republicans, and Modern Whigs*. Beasts of the same stock; may they be turned out to pasture seven years as was Nebuchadnezzar of old.

The regular toasts having been read, the following letter from Judge Roberts, in answer to one from the committee, informing him of his appointment as President of the day, was presented and read.

Townshend, July 4th, 1837.

Gent.—Yours of the 29th ult. informing me of my appointment to preside at the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence at Cambridge Port was duly rec'd. Rest assured

that I will do all in my power to make the occasion one to be present with my democratic friends on this auspicious occasion at the Port, were I not necessarily detained. And I certainly should have been more than usually gratified with such an opportunity, at the present time; for, believe me, this is a moment of no small concern in the annals of America. We are about to decide on great and important questions, as it respects the permanency of this Republic, and liberal sentiments throughout the world. The question is whether the people are to govern themselves, or whether this great nation is hereafter to be governed by an unprincipled monopoly. For there cannot be a doubt, that should the advocates of a Bank be able to succeed in the establishment of a U. S. Bank, which has the control of the revenue, such an institution, instead of being an auxiliary to the government, will emphatically rule, dictate, and control the government and the people.

Where then will be our liberty? Where then will be the benefit of an elective franchise?—Gone, gone forever, mingled in a Bank, not worth exercising, the ballot boxes an empty name. I close in haste with offering you a sentiment.

*The people sovereign. No monopolies, either civil, political, or ecclesiastical.*

After the toasts were presented, Mr. W. Barker and H. Wheeler briefly addressed the meeting upon the important subject of Banks; stating definitely the cause of the present distress in the money market, and the course which the people ought to pursue to rid themselves of the evil.

No accident occurred through the day to mar the general joy; every thing was done decently and in good order, and at an early hour the citizens retired to their several homes with mutual good feelings, filled with no spirit but the pure spirit of democracy.

SCRAPS.

Some people are willing to be your friends if you will think as they do, and act according to their opinions of right and wrong. He only is your true friend who seeks no recompense but your friendship for whatever favor he may do you. Favors offered on any other principles are bribes, and should be rejected with disdain by an honorable mind.

To defeat Calumny.—1. Despise it; to seem disturbed about it is the way to make it be believed, and stalling your defamer will not prove you innocent. 2. Live an exemplary life and then your general character will overpower it. 3. Speak tenderly of every body, even of your defamers, and you will make the whole world cry shame on them who can find it in their hearts to injure one so inoffensive.

The best of women, is she who makes her husband and her children happy; who claims the one from vice and the other from virtue. She is a much greater heroine than those described in romances, whose occupation is to murder the other sex with shafts from their eyes.

Purity of heart is of all others the most excellent as well as the most elevated of virtue. A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, answered, "I will bring him what is more valuable than any treasure, a heart unspotted, and that virtue without a stain which was all that descended to me from my parents."

To live and let live, applies to all the social and physical relations of life; for the world is the common property of all the living beings who have been developed by the program of creative power, and all are necessary parts of a great and harmonious scheme to which it is our duty to submit; while the happiness of all ought, as far as possible, to be in accordance with our own.

The 'memorable 4th' was celebrated in Boston by a respectable company of 'testotellers'. No intoxicating drinks appeared on the table, but the guests, according to the Advocate, 'got most prodigiously exhilarated over their bumpers of iced water.' The following ode written by Rev John Pierpont, was one of the songs with which the company was entertained:

In Eden's green retreats  
A water-brook, that played  
Between soft mossy seats  
Beneath a plane-tree's shade  
Whose rustling leaves  
Danced o'er its brink,  
Was Adam's drink,  
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring  
Of that young brook, the air  
Their morning chant would sing,  
And Eve, to dress her hair,  
Kneel on the grass  
That fringed its side,  
And make its tide  
Her looking glass.

And when the man of God  
From Egypt led his flock  
They thirsted, and his rod  
Smoother than a reed,  
Of water gushed,  
And on their rush  
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled  
Had wine to Eden come?  
Would Horeb's parching wild  
Have been relieved with rum?  
And had Eve's hair  
Been dressed in gin,  
Would she have been  
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,  
And dealt out to that host  
To every man his gill,  
And pledged him in a toast  
How large a hand  
Of Israel's sons  
Had laid their bones  
In Canaan's land?

'Sweet fields' beyond death's flood,  
Stood dressed in living green;  
For, from the throne of God,  
To freshen all the scene,  
A river rolls,  
Where all who will  
May come and fill  
Their crystal bowls.

If Eden strength and bloom  
Gave Wars thus lush green—  
If, 'en beyond the tomb,  
It is the drink of heaven,  
Are not good wells  
And crystal springs  
The very things  
For our hotels?

## NANCY LE BARON.

A NEW TALE BY SARGENT.

The following notice of this interesting story is taken from the Journal of the American Temperance Union.

We defy any man to stand by some beautiful piece of mechanism, and see, in its constant evolutions, producing some finished and valuable article, if it be only a cut nail or card wire, without admiration. But how much more is the human mind, with its noble faculties, and its constantly revolving thoughts, and its ever onward and upward march, a noble and beautiful machine, and how much more should we not admire it, and how much more should we not endeavor to act upon mind and heart, and reform and bless the world.

We had thought Mr Sargent had about exhausted his subject, or used up all his materials, though we saw his machinery grow brighter and brighter by action. But we were, and we are glad to find it so, although mistaken. Nancy Le Baron falls behind none of the Temperance tales, and we confidently believe it to be the means of saving many a lovely female from connecting herself with a man who would prove a drunken husband, and as a matter of course, (for Temperance, like a two-edged sword cuts both ways,) of compelling many a young man, who, without so doing, would be rejected, to cast from him the intoxicating cup. Our youthful sisters have needed such a beacon. Not that they have been entirely without. There has not been, we venture to say, a town in our country which has not furnished as affecting a tale as that of Nancy Le Baron. But it needed the genius of a Sargent to draw them out, and to present, in one picture, the two extremes of happiness and misery; the young female, in all her loveliness and hope, and promise, and the drunkard's wife and widow, cast out, despised, forsaken, and dyed in extreme poverty and wretchedness.

The simple tale is this. A Mr L., a bachelor of thirty five, who had made his fortune by trade in the metropolis, returned after fifteen years absence, to his native village, to seek the hand of the pretty Nancy Le Baron, the only girl he had ever loved, and who in his plough-boy days scornfully rejected him. At his arrival, he had an opportunity to witness scenes of toddy drinking and coarse ribaldry, formerly not uncommon, though now, happily growing rarer, in New England. The description of this, by Mr Sargent, is exceedingly graphic. The next day, at church, he looked; but looked in vain, for the family which once he admired and loved, and which occupied the highest pew; and in vain for the only countenance, the only eye, which among the multitude he cared to behold. He next went by the old mansion, and there he saw none but strangers; and from thence to the grave-yard, to see what tales tombstones might tell. Here he was met by one of those miserable beings, found in almost every village, who hang about the bar-room, and will do the most menial services for the tavern-keeper for a little grog; useful on training days, at weddings, and ordinations, and funerals;—whenever, in a word, drink is to be had,—employed by all, because employed cheap, yet respected by none; and acquainted with every thing that has transpired for years. Mr L. had seen him in the evening before in the bar-room of Deacon Mixer. There while the deacon was mixing his toddy, flip, sling, and juleps, for his various guests, old Enoch Runlet, for such was his name, was hanging round like a hungry dog, determined to have a taste. "What are you here for, Runlet?" said the deacon, with a repulsive tone. Enoch reached forward, and whispered in

the tavern-keeper's ear. "You've no money," said the host. "No, deacon," said Enoch, "but I'm expecting a little in a day or two." "You won't get any rum here to-night," said the deacon, "so the sooner you go about your business the better." "Do, Deacon Mixer, let me have a gill," said Enoch, with a whining, beseeching air. "I won't," said the deacon. Enoch held on like a leech. "Dear Deacon Mixer," said he, "just let me have a taste." "Not a drop, Runlet," answered the deacon, stamping his foot, and breaking his toddy stick in his anger. "Well, then," cried Enoch, running his nose in the taverner's face, "just let a poor fellow get a small of your breath, Deacon Mixer." This drunken wag, who knew and remembered every body, recognised Mr L. in the grave yard; and from him, Mr L. learned the history of many of the villagers whom he had formerly known; and in their history, learned too, the awful ravages of intemperance. At length, keeping his eye fixed on the object of his search, he asked Enoch where Squire Le Baron now lived.

"Why, Master Isaac, didn't you know?" was Enoch's answer. "He has been on his way to the Squire's farm for these six years." "Is Deacon Goosberry?" "Why Deacon Goosberry has been a distiller in this village for twelve years; and this grave-yard is called the deacon's farm; and here, stop this way, Master Isaac, a piece; here is the Squire's head-stone." "Is it possible?" said L. "Was he intemperate?" "Wery, wery," said Enoch, with a ludicrously solemn expression upon his countenance. "And pray tell me what has become of the Squire's family." "The old lady is gone; she took a little spirit herself, in a sly way." "And what," (to come to the point nearest his heart,) "what of Miss Nancy, his daughter?" "We will here give an extract of some length, tho' a copy-right work."

"Why Master Isaac, you haven't forgot her name, I guess; Miss Nancy, you mean. She was your old flame you know; I guess you've got married afore this, Master Isaac." "I fairly wish of myself rid of the fellow; but putting the best face upon the matter, I observed, with an air of indifference, that I had seen some children at the mansion-house window, and that I had conjectured Nancy was married, and that those children might be hers." "I guess they are n't," answered Enoch, "Master Isaac, I always thought that you and the Squire's daughter would have made a good match, but Miss Nancy tho' she could do better; so she went farther and fared worse by a great chalk. It's about nine years since she was married; and for so good a lady, and for one who was brought up so delicate, she has had a hard time on it. She married a Doctor Barroch, who soon lost the chief part of his business, and treated the poor creature roughly enough. She has three little children, and they're as poor as snakes in winter. He cheated her by a great show of religion. May be, Master Isaac, for sake of old acquaintance, you'd be willing to give 'em a lift." "Poor Nancy," said L. after a short pause. "Good Enoch, tell me, if this unprincipled brute, this Doctor Barroch, that you speak of, continues to live in this village?" "He has not," answered Enoch, "he has moved to the Squire's farm here. He fell off his horse one winter night, and was found dead in a snow drift next morning."

Some folks thought he died of rum palsy, and others that he had swallowed some of his own physic by mistake; but the general opinion seemed to be, that he broke his neck. Nobody was sorry for his death, though his wife, notwithstanding he used her like a brute, said it was her duty to remember that he was the father of her poor little ones, and so she gave him a decent funeral, such as it was. 'Twas melancholy enough, you may be sure, for there wasn't a drop of liquor, from the time we went in, to the time we lifted the body. Old M'Laughlin, our sexton, said 'twas the driest corpse he ever buried, by all odds. It was so plain a case, that every body rejoiced, because his wife was relieved from such a drinking tyrant. Rum, Master Isaac, you may depend upon it, has done a mortal sight of mischief in this town." "But Enoch," said L., "where do they live at present, and what means have they of support?" "Why, said he, you know where Long Pond is; they live in the old cottage, upon the skirt of the pine wood. 'The mother knits and sews; and now and then gets a chance to wash and iron, when her strength will let her, though she's quite down of late, and two of the children are old enough to pick berries in summer; and in one way and another, they make out to rub along.' "What a reverse!—thought L.—"The old squire and his lady were the nobility of the village; their wealth alone was enough, some fifteen years ago, to give them rank and importance; poor Nancy, pre-eminent in the little circle of the parish, for her sweetness of disposition and personal charms, was their only child. The parents have died poor and degraded; and their daughter lives, the widow of a worthless drunkard, encumbered with three starving children. Nancy Le Baron reduced to such extremities as these! Winning her bread by the sweat of her brow! It is impossible! "No it isn't," cried Enoch, "and that's not half the misery on't neither. Poor soul, she's had to run for life afore now, and hide her children in the wood, of a snapping cold night. Why, he used to flog her like a sac, and then drive her down cellar, and kick the children round the room, like so many footballs. She bore it they say, like a saint, and never told of it for a long spell. Old Chloe, the fortune teller that used to be, first brought it out. She was passing by the house one night, and heard her scream, and peeped in at the window. Old Chloe was always as bold as a lion, you know, and she's about as strong as a three year old steer. You remember Bijah Larkin, Master Isaac—well, Bijah's called pretty smart, but she trimmed him like a saplin. He got a running on, herabout telling his fortune, and raised her temper; so says she, 'Bijah, I'll tell you fortune for you—you'll get a thrashing before you're a hair grayer, if you don't let me alone.' Bijah made her a saucy answer, and she gave him a real drubbing. Folks haven't left off to this day, asking Bijah if Old Chloe wasn't a good prophesies."

Well, as I was saying, the old creature pushed open the door.

This devil's bird of a doctor was hauling his poor wife about by the hair of her head, and the children were crying for their lives. He ordered the old negro woman out of the house. But the good creature's feelings drove her on. She flew at him like a tiger; "Let her alone, you dirty rum-sucker," she cried. "Many's the good meal of victuals I've had in her father's kitchen, and her old mother's been kind to me many a time, and I won't see her abused by man or brute."—So she caught him by the throat, and drove him up in a corner among a parcel of gallipots and bottles. She was full a match for any sober man, and could whip a regiment of drunkards afore breakfast any day. A neighbor came in and took away the wife and children for the night. The doctor was in a boiling rage, and threatened to bring old Chloe up afore the court, for a vagrant and a fortune-teller. The old woman never wanted a ready answer, so she told him she was afraid of nothing but his physic, and that she would tell his fortune right off, without a fee.—"You'll be scared the devil," said she, "in this wood, and when you see me, if I go where they don't take up no o' notions."—"You'll be a mouse villain!" said L. involuntarily raising his stick as I spoke. "I wish I had him here."—"I'm glad you haven't," said Enoch; "take my word for it, Master Isaac, the deacon's farm is the very best place for him."

Such was the fate of the pretty Nancy Le Baron,—not of her alone,—but of hundreds on hundreds of the lovely daughters of America through our wretched use of intoxicating drinks. Who will say it shall not cease?

The labor of old Chloe now kept the widow and her little ones from the alms house. Mr L. went to their poor habitation in the farthest extremity of the village, and was just in season to witness the closing scene, the death and burial of Nancy Le Baron. The whole is inexpressibly touching.

The coffin was of the most inexpensive kind; it was without any tablet to designate the tenant within; and its cover was of one entire piece, which had been slid down from off the face, that all who were so disposed, might take a parting look at the deceased. The sexton, with the assistance of the carpenter, was proceeding to adjust the cover, and secure it with common nails, a process not unusual in some of our remote villages, where, even upon such occasions as these, the superior cost of a screw is taken into consideration at the funerals of the poor. "Stop," said the old Chloe, as she raised little Susan in her arms. The poor child took its last look, dropped a tear upon the cold forehead of its mother, and placed upon her bosom the bunch of violets, which she had gathered, with so light a heart, but yesterday. Little Nancy and her brother followed the example, and each deposited their bunches of flowers within the coffin. During these moments, I gazed upon the features of the dead.—There was not enough, and the wreck, to remind me of the lovely being I so much admired. The forehead, sadly wrinkled, and the hair, premature gray, had no part nor lot among my vivid recollections of Nancy Le Baron.

The painful process was at last performed, and the sound of the death hammer—for such it may well be called—had ceased. While the sounds were ringing in my ears, I could not expel from my recollection, that among the inhabitants of Padang, intoxicating drink is called Pakoo, which in the language of the Malays, means a nail, because, as they affirm, it drives one more nail into their coffin. It may be truly said, that every nail was driven into the coffin of this ill-fated woman by the demon of intemperance, whose vicegerent was a degraded, drunken husband.

The coffin was now placed upon the bier.—There was not a follower, save the children, who claimed a drop of kindred blood with the deceased. No other herald marshalled the array than common sense, which well determines the fitness of things. Old Chloe went next the body with the two elder children; I led Susan by the hand; the Sabbath scholars came next, with their leader, whose admirable prayer I never have forgotten, and I trust I never shall forget. The remainder fell in according to their inclinations. The body was committed to the ground, and I was about returning with old Chloe and the children, when I overtook Enoch Runlet, who was rubbing his eyes with the cuff of his coat. "This is too tough for me, Mr Lawder," said he, "all this misery comes of rum. I'll have no more to do with it."

THE CURRENCY.—We must have a more permanent and stable currency, cost what it may—more specie and less paper. The expansion and contraction of bank paper, if they are suffered to go on, cannot fail to crush thousands and thousands of victims, every few years; and with this ebullition and flow of the tide of paper promissory pay, the prices of every article of trade in the country, farms, produce and all, must rise and fall—thus placing it in the power of the banks to appropriate the whole property of the land, to suit their interest or caprice, if there is a great national concern to give the nod and move the wires.—We repeat, we must have a more permanent and substantial currency, before the country can enjoy a lasting prosperity and men embark in business with safety and confidence. Let all men reflect seriously upon this subject, for all are deeply interested for themselves and posterity.—Vermont Patriot.

UNIVERSITY.—Though all may not expect to be made "constitutional kings," it may be well enough for the unfortunate to recollect that the present King of France, when called in poverty, taught school for a living in some obscure village of New Jersey. He proved himself a practical philosopher by conforming his exertions to the situation in which he was placed. Some fools on meeting with reverses, would rather flout out their own brains, than earn an honest livelihood in disciplining the brains of others. In any country, but particularly in this, "honest poverty" should never "hang its head"—the golden maxim being that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise—  
"Act well your part—THERE all the honor lies."

Reverend D. Ald.

Marriage enlarges the scene of happiness or misery. A marriage of love is pleasant, a marriage of interest, easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy;—and a happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life. Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an irrepressible friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband.